



CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

No. 25.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1844.

{ PRICE 1d. or
STAMPED, 2d.

"Funchal (Madeira), February 20th, 1844.

To the Rev. ———— Member of the Cambridge Camden Society.

"The Camden Society having done me the unsolicited and unmerited honour of placing my name among its honorary members, I feel not only authorized, but conscientiously obliged to speak out what I inwardly think of its efforts and object: and I am happy to be able to do so, in addressing myself, not only to one of its most influential members, but to one for whom I feel a most lively sympathy, on account of his talent, science, courage, and, indeed, of every thing except what the Church which I believe to be infallible, reproves in him.

"I first thought that the Camden Society was merely a scientific body, pursuing an object which, like all branches of history, is of the utmost importance to religion, and to which all religious minds could associate, but, like the French *Comité historique*, not setting up the flag of any special ecclesiastical denomination. On a nearer study of your publications, I have perceived that they are carried on, with the professed intention of blending together the interests of Catholic art and of the Church of England, and of identifying the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages in England with the Anglican schism begun by Henry VIII. and Crammer, and professed at present by all those who agree to the Thirty-nine Articles. Against this intention, I, as an honorary member of the said society, beg to enter my most earnest and most Catholic protest. First, and principally, I protest against the most unwarranted and most unjustifiable assumption of the name of *Catholic* by people and things belonging to the actual Church of England. It is easy to take up a name, but it is not so easy to get it recognised by the world and by competent authority. Any man, for example, may come out to Madeira and call himself a Montmorency or a Howard, and even enjoy the honour and consideration belonging to such a name, till the real Montmorencys or Howards hear about it, and denounce him, and then such a man would be justly scouted from society, and fall down much lower than the lowliness from which he had attempted to rise. The attempt to steal away from us and appropriate to the use of a fraction of the Church of England that glorious title of Catholic, is proved to be an usurpation by every monument of the past and present; by the coronation oath of your sovereigns, by all the laws that have established your Church, even by the recent answer of your own university of Oxford to the lay address against Dr. Pusey, &c., where the Church of England is justly styled the *Reformed Protestant Church*. The name itself is spurned at with indignation by the greater half, at least, of those who belong to the Church of England, just as the Church of England itself is rejected with scorn and detestation by the greater half of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. The judgment of the whole indifferent world, the common sense of humanity, agrees with the judgment of the Church of Rome, and with the sense of her 150,000,000 of children, to dispossess you of this name. The Church of England, who has denied her mother, is rightly without a sister. She has chosen to break the bonds of unity and obedience. Let her, therefore, stand alone before the judgment-seat of God and of man. Even the debased Russian Church, that Church where lay despotism has closed the priest's

mouth and turned him into a slave, disdains to recognize the Anglicans as Catholics: even the Eastern heretics, although so sweetly courted by Puseyite missionaries, sneer at this new and fictitious Catholicism. It is repudiated even by your own hero, Laud, whose dying words on the scaffold, according to the uncontradicted version of contemporary history, were, I DIE IN THE PROTESTANT FAITH, AS BY LAW ESTABLISHED (a pretty epitaph, by-the-bye, for the life of the future St. William of Canterbury!) Consistent Protestants and rationalists are more Catholic, in the *etymological* sense of the word, than the Anglicans; for they at least can look upon themselves as belonging to the same communion as those who, in every country, deny the existence of Church authority, or of revealed religion; they have at least a negative bond to link them one with another: but that the so-called Anglo-Catholics, whose very name betrays their usurpation and their contradiction, whose doctrinal articles, whose liturgy, whose whole history, are such as to disconnect them from all mankind, except those who are born English and speak English; that they should pretend, on the strength of their private judgment alone, to be what the rest of mankind deny them to be, will assuredly be ranked amongst the first of the follies of the 19th century. That such an attempt, however, should succeed, is, thank God, not to be expected, unless it should please the Almighty to reverse all the laws that have hitherto directed the course of human events. You may turn aside for three hundred years to come, as you have done for three hundred years past, from the torrent of living waters; but to dig out a small channel of your own, for your own private insular use, wherein the living truth will run apart from its ever docile and ever obedient children—that will no more be granted to you, than it has been to the Arians, the Nestorians, the Donatists, or any other triumphant heresy.

"I therefore protest, first, against the usurpation of a sacred name by the Camden Society, as iniquitous; and I next protest against the object of this society, and all such efforts in the Anglican Church, as absurd. When the clergy and Catholic laymen in France and Germany, when Mr. Pugin and the *Romanists* of England, labour with all their might to save and restore the monuments of their faith—unworthily set aside by the influence of that fatal spirit which broke out with the so-called reformation, and concluded with the French revolution—they know that they are labouring at the same time to strengthen, in an indirect manner, their own faith and practice, which are *exactly and identically the same* as those followed by the constructors of those glorious piles, and by all the artists of Catholic ages: and this object sanctifies their labour. But is this the case with the members of the Camden Society? Not in the least. They are most of them ministers of the 'reformed Protestant Church as by law established,' pledged under oath to the thirty-nine articles, which were drawn up on purpose to separate England from Catholic Christendom,† and to protest against all the *barbarous super-*

* See *Hierologus*.

† [It is asserted by modern High-Church Anglicans, that the Church of England never rejected the communion of Catholic Christendom, but merely threw off the usurped supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. This assertion is overthrown by the history of the Reformation. It was the unanimous opinion of the British

stitutions of the dark ages. By attempting to re-establish their churches, chalices, and vestments, in their original form, they are only setting under the most glaring light the contradiction which exists between their own faith, and that of the men who built Salisbury and York. Surely no man in his senses can pretend that Dr. Howley and Dr. Mant profess the same faith, and follow the same discipline, and acknowledge the same spiritual head, as William of Wykeham or Gundulph of Rochester: and no man in his senses can deny that Dr. Wiseman and Dr. M'Hale do at least profess to obey the same holy see, to preach the same doctrines, and to practise the same spiritual rites and sacraments, as all the English episcopacy of the middle ages. Let, then, the Camden Society put itself under the authority of Dr. M'Hale and Dr. Wiseman, and then everything will be right: but as long as they do not, and remain under Dr. Howley and Dr. Mant and their fellows, they are nothing but parodists, and inconsistent parodists. If St. Dunstan and St. Anselm, St. Lanfranc, St. Thomas of Canterbury, or Archbishop Chicheley, could be called out of their tombs to resume their crosiers in any English cathedral, their horror would be great at seeing married priests reading English prayers in those desecrated edifices. But assuredly their horror would be much greater still if they were to find, beneath copes like their own, and at the foot of altars like theirs, and rood lofts with crucifixes, and every other exterior identity, these same married priests carrying in their hearts the spirit of schism, glorying in the revolt of their forefathers, and pledged by *insular pride* to insult and deny that infallible see of St. Peter, from which all those great saints had humbly solicited the pallium, and for whose sacred rights they so nobly fought and conquered the insular pride and prejudices of their time.

"Catholic architecture and Catholic art in all its branches, are but a frame for the sacred picture of truth. This one holy truth is beautiful and pure, even amidst the worthless clergy and decayed discipline of Funchal, even, and still more so, amidst the missionary dioceses of Polynesia; although, both here and there, she is deprived of the frame which the humble genius of Catholic generations has worked out for her in western Europe. But without her,—or with her, defaced and adulterated by *insular pride*,—the most beautiful frame is fit for nought but for the antiquary's shop. Supposing the spirit of the Camden Society ultimately to prevail over its Anglican adversaries,—supposing you do one day get every old thing back again,—copes, letters, rood-lofts, candlesticks, and the abbey lands into the bargain, what will it all be but an empty pageant, like the tournament of Eglinton Castle, separated from the reality of Catholic truth and unity by the abyss of three hundred years of schism? The question, then, is—have you, Church of England, got the picture for your frame? have you got the *truth*—the *one* truth—the same truth as the men of the middle ages? The Camden Society says, yes: but the whole Christian world, both Protestant and Catholic, says, no: and the Catholic world adds, that there is no truth but in unity, and this unity you most certainly have not.

"Who is to judge between these conflicting assertions, on earth? Before what tribunal, before what assembly, is this most vital cause to be brought forward, to the satisfaction of those who have renounced the jurisdiction of the Holy See, and that of the last œcumenical council? I know of none; but one thing I know, that before whatever earthly tribunal it may be, as well as before the judgment-seat of God in heaven, against the Church of England and her so-called Anglo-Catholics, will appear in formidable array the seven millions of real Catholics, whom you call British and Irish Romanists, and who will thus arraign the Anglicans on the behalf of ten generations of their ancestors, and on their own:—'For the

love of unity and obedience, we have endured from the hands of these pseudo-Catholics every extremity of cruelty, of robbery, and of insult; we have stood firm through every variety of military, legal, civil, and religious persecution; in the holes and corners where these persecutors have confined us, we have kept true to every traditional beauty which they would fain now recover. *We have nothing to restore, because we have never destroyed anything.* We want no erudite quibbles, like No. 90; no dissertations on long-forgotten rubrics, to enable us to believe in justification by works, or in baptismal regeneration, to honour the blessed Virgin, to pray for our dear departed. We have never doubted any article of Catholic faith, and never interrupted any practice of Catholic devotion. Here we are with our priests, our monks, and our bishops, and with the flame of Catholic unity, which we have fed with our substance, and with our blood. If these men, who after having robbed us of every temporal good, would fain now rob us of our name, are Catholics, *then we are not*; then we have been mistaken fools, and not we alone, but thirty-five popes, and all the Catholic bishops, and all the Catholic nations in the world, who have till now praised us, helped us, loved us, prayed for us and with us, as their brethren. If *they* are Catholics, then Catholicism is but a shadow and a name, and a paltry vestment, fit to be put on and off at the world's pleasure."

"To this language the Church has answered long ago, in the words of the Divine spouse: '*Oves mee vocem meam audiunt, et ego cognosco eas, et sequuntur me; et ego vitam æternam do eis, . . . et non rapiet eas quisquam de manu mea.*'"

"Does the Camden Society, that lays such a stress on history and tradition, think that these mines are closed to every body except itself, or that the world will not dive into them for any other purpose than for archæological or architectural curiosities? Do the Anglo-Catholics think that the world is blind to their own history? that the events of the Reformation in England are unknown abroad? that the word *apostacy* is effaced from the dictionary of mankind?

"If you had pushed on a little further your Spanish tour, you would have found at Grenada, depicted by the pencil of a monk, the martyrdom of those holy Carthusians of London, who were hanged, disemboweled, and quartered, for having denied the supremacy of the author of Anglo-Catholic Reformation. What! shall the tombs of unknown knights and burgesses be treated with the deepest reverence, and singled out for admiration and imitation, because they are in brass, or with a *cross fleurie*, or à *dos d'âne*? and shall the blood of our martyrs be silent, and their noble memory buried in darkness and oblivion? Believe it not; such will not be the case; no, not even in this world of sin and error, and how much less before the justice of God? Believe not that we shall ever forget or betray the glory of Fisher, of More, of Garnett, of those abbots who were hanged before the gates of their suppressed monasteries; of so many hundreds of monks, of Jesuits, of laymen, who perished under the executioner's knife, from the reign of Henry VIII. down to the palmy days of Anglican episcopacy, under the first Stuarts? Were they not all *Romanists*? did they not all die for the defence of the supremacy of the see of Rome against the blood-thirsty tyranny of Anglican kings? Were they not the victims of the same glorious cause which St. Dunstan, St. Elphege, St. Anselm, and St. Thomas had struggled for? and were they *ours* or *yours*? I know that the modern Anglo-Catholics would attempt to throw back on the Puritans of 1640, most of the sacrilegious devastations that attended the Reformation: but I know also that Pugin, in that article of the *Dublin Review* which you were good enough to lend me, has completely demolished that false pretence; and irrefutably demonstrated, that every sacrilege committed by the Puritans had been inaugurated on a much larger scale by Cranmer and Elizabeth; and I have looked in vain through all the publications of the Camden Society for one word of answer to this most damning accusation. As for *moral* sacrilege, if I may so say, as for the surrender of spiritual independence and Christian freedom to the sanguinary pride of royal theologians, assuredly the Anglo-Catholic fathers of the sixteenth century have surpassed in that respect every example of the kind both in Pagan and Christian times.

Reformers that the *visible* Church had apostatized, that her chief bishop was Antichrist, and that communion with her was unlawful. The Homilies of the Church of England assert this in the most decisive manner. (Vid. Third part of the sermon against peril of idolatry, p. 224, ed. Oxon, 1831). For testimonies of individual reformers, and other Anglican divines, see *Essays on the Church*, p. 323, ed. 1858. See also the Archbishop of Canterbury's charge just delivered.]

That debauched and murderous tyrant, called Henry VIII. could find his models amongst the monsters who reigned at Rome while the Church was in the Catacombs. But the slavish subservency of the English apostate bishops, to this baptized monster's caprices, has remained unequalled since their days, as it had been before them. Where was Latimer, that father and martyr of the Anglican Church, on the 30th, of May 1538? preaching at the stake where a Catholic friar was burning, for having denied the king's supremacy over the Church of which Latimer was a bishop! Where were Cranmer and the other prelates, from whom the modern English bishops pretend to derive *apostolical succession*? sitting at the council-board of the tyrant, voting in his parliament, helping him to butcher his wives, his principal nobility, his best and most innocent subjects, and acquiescing in his judgment against St. Thomas of Canterbury! Has not Cranmer come down to posterity branded with the monster's eulogium, 'that he was the only man who had loved his sovereign so well, as never to have opposed the royal pleasure?' (Vit. Cranm. MS. apud Legrand, ii. 103.)

"Is there anything, even in the annals of continental Protestantism, to be compared to this origin of a Reformed Church? And has this Church purified the dark and bloody stain of its origin by its subsequent conduct? Was there ever a Church, except perhaps the Greco-Russian since Peter I, which has so basely acknowledged the supreme right of secular power, the absolute dependance of spiritual jurisdiction on royal and parliamentary authority, from the days of Cranmer down to Archbishop Whately's last motion on Church government, debated upon, as he says in print, 'with the tacit acquiescence of the whole episcopal body?' was there ever a Church, *not even* excepting the Russian, which so completely sacrificed the rights and dignities of the poor to the rich, as the writer of the *History of Puses* must know better than any one? Was there ever, under the face of heaven, a more glaring focus of iniquity, oppression, and corruption, than the existence of the Church of England in Ireland, as denounced, not only by the groans of the Catholic victims, or by those foreigners who, like myself, have seen and cursed the abomination in its own den, but by your own authorities, such as *Strafford's Correspondence with Laud*, and Monk Mason's *Life of Bishop Bedell*? Have not these pseudo-Catholic bishops been sitting for centuries as Lords spiritual in a parliament whence has issued that *penal code* against fellow-Christians, the like of which has never been seen or imagined even under the reign of terror and atheism in France? Have they not for centuries, and without ever lifting up a dissentient voice, witnessed, approved, and, for all I know, themselves taken those tremendous oaths against the most sacred mysteries of the faith of the whole Catholic world, both Greek and Latin, in that assembly 'where,' to use the words of an English writer, 'the Holiest of holies has been chosen as the favourite object of the profanest treatment, and pierced day after day by the jeer of the scoffers; where alone denial of the blessed Eucharist has been made a public, a legal, a national, a royal act; and where more impious blasphemies have been uttered, more sacrileges committed, more perjuries pronounced, against the divine sacrament than in the whole world besides?' And shall these men, forsooth, be acknowledged by us as our brethren, or as our spiritual fathers? Shall the perpetrators and inheritors of these unexpiated, unrepented, unforgiven sins, come in quietly and sit down among the Catholic churches and nations of the world, with bundles of traicts about hierurgical antiquities and monumental brasses under their arms; and shall we not one and all arise to reject and expel them? God forbid that we should do otherwise! There is a place in the Catholic Church for public penitents, whence many saints have risen on the wings of humility and contrition to the glorious eminence of an Augustine: but there is no place for proud sinners, who would shake off the chains of isolated error, without confessing their guilt and that of their forefathers.

"I dislike every mixture of nationality with Catholicity; and the fatal example of England is well calculated to justify this dislike in every Catholic heart. But I cannot, in this circumstance, refrain from reverting, with legitimate pride, to the difference between the conduct of the English bishops of

the sixteenth century, and that of the French hierarchy, when exposed in 1790 to the fury of a much more formidable tyrant than Henry VIII, to the whole French nation. The French bishops of that period were far from being saints or ascetics; their high birth had been generally the only reason for their promotion. They had to struggle, not like the English bishops, at the issue of long ages of faith, of devotion, of popular enthusiasm for the Church; but after more than two long centuries of secular invasion and monarchical despotism. Their people were not, like the people of England, up in arms for their monasteries and their orthodoxy: but on the contrary, had been intoxicated during a hundred years by the poison of scepticism and philosophical scurrility. Lastly, the Gallican Church was not, like the Anglican, the immediate daughter of the see of Rome: she had not been founded by a papal legate in the sixth century, but by St. Irenæus, St. Denis the Areopagite, and other disciples of the Apostles. The reformation which was imposed on her, was not obedience to a theological tyrant, but a pretended return to the primitive Church, giving the election of bishops to the people, and allowing them to communicate with the holy see. And yet, out of a hundred and thirty-six French bishops, *four* alone betrayed their trust; the hundred and thirty-two others gladly went forth to imprisonment, to exile, to death. When you go to Paris, pray visit the Carnes, an ugly, insignificant, low, square-built modern chapel, without any vestige of archæological symbolism, but where the pavement is still red with the blood of the bishops and priests, who were murdered there for having refused the oath to the civil constitution of the clergy.* There you will learn at what price a national Church can purchase the rights of talking about apostolical succession, and styling itself a 'branch of the Church Catholic.'

"But now let me suppose that the Camden Society and the new Anglo-Catholic school have both gained their point; that liturgy, architecture, and theology, are brought back precisely to the point they were, at the close of the reign of Henry VIII, when, as Dr. Lingard so justly says, 'to reject the papal creed was heresy, and to admit the papal supremacy was treason.' Supposing all this, what will you have gained after all? *Nothing at all*, I should say, grounding myself on Mr. Newman's own words. Does he not say, 'We cannot hope for the recovery of dissenting bodies, while we are ourselves alienated from the great body of Christendom. We cannot hope for unity of faith, if we, at our own private will, make a faith for ourselves in this our small corner of the earth. We cannot hope for the success among the heathen of St. Augustine or St. Boniface, unless, like them, we go forth with the apostolical benediction. Break unity in one point, and the fault runs through the whole body.' (Sermons bearing on subjects of the day, 1843, pp. 149-50.) But when the work in which you are engaged shall be achieved, you will be as far from unity as ever, and you will only have alienated your Church from the great body of Protestant Christendom, to which you were formerly accounted to belong, by that general feeling which led the poor king of Prussia to give you his Protestant money and Protestant sympathies, in order to endow Protestant bishoprics in Syria. But you will not have come one step nearer to unity, because, as Mr. Newman says: '*Break unity in one point,*' &c. &c. The Greek Church has been at the point you aspire to ever since the eleventh century; and can anything be farther from unity with the Latin Church than she in the nineteenth? Every Catholic will repeat to you the words of Manzoni, as quoted by Mr. Faber: 'The greatest deviations are none, if the main point be recognized; the smallest are damnable heresies, if it be denied. That main point is, the infallibility of the Church, or rather of the pope.' The Coptic, Maronite, and Catholic Armenian Churches, although differing in every thing outward from the Church of Rome, are in unity, since they acknowledge her supreme authority. The Anglican Church, even brought back to the most Catholic externals, can never be in unity as long as she denies her legitimate mother.

"One thing quite certain is, that individuals or churches

* [See the British Critic, No. LXIV, p. 286-288.]

cannot be both Catholic and Protestant; they must choose between one and the other. In politics, in literature, transactions and compromises are advisable, and indeed are often the only thing possible; but in religion, in eternal truth, there is none. Notwithstanding Dr. Jelf, there will never be any *via media* between truth and error, between authority and rebellion, no more than there is between heaven and hell. If Fisher was right, then was Cranmer wrong; they cannot be both right, both the murderer and the victim. If Archbishop Plunkett was a martyr, then Archbishop Laud was not. If the church of France is to be admired for having held out against schism through martyrdom and exile, then the Church of England must be blamed for having given way to schism. It is like the ostrich, that thinks it saves itself from the hunter by refusing to look at him, to say that the present English Church is a holy although *less distinguished* branch of the Church than that of Rome. If the Church of Rome, when she maintains that out of her pale there is no salvation, and that she alone has the power of governing the Christian world, is not infallibly right, then she is infallibly wrong; and so far from being a *distinguished* branch of truth, she is founded on imposture or error; and in neither case can be a true church. On the other hand, if the Church of England is not the only true Church on earth, then she is an apostate rebel.

"There is only *one sure* way of passing from error to the *one true* truth; that which St. Remigius showed to the first Christian king of France. When baptizing him, he said, 'Bow thy head, proud Sicamber; burn what thou hast adored, and adore what thou hast burned.'

"It is true that to reconciled and forgiven rebellion may be granted certain privileges, as conformable to the weakness of a fallen Church. The Anglican Church may demand what was granted in 1595 to the united Greeks of Poland—the degrading exception of married clergy, and the use of the national language in the Liturgy. These concessions are not incompatible with the essentials of faith or authority; but they would make the re-united Church of England sadly different from what she was in the days of St. Dunstan or St. Anselm.

"I am not a doctor, nor a minister of the Church; I am only her soldier, faithful though unworthy. But I can fearlessly assert that among the millions who belong, like me, to the Church of Rome, there is not one who, being led by leisure or duty to consider attentively what is now going on in England, would arrive at a different conclusion from mine. Seeing the profound ignorance which reigns among even the best informed Anglicans (such as Mr. Faber) on the feelings and duties of churchmen out of England—seeing also the furious prejudices which animate the new school against English and Irish Catholics, probably on the old pagan principle of *Odüsse quem læseris*, I have presumed to think that it might not be quite useless to you to hear the opinion of a continental Catholic, than whom no one can be more interested in England's welfare, or more attentive to her present struggles. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*

"Need I beg of you to acquit the warmth and asperity of my language of any intention of personal disrespect to you? No, surely not. I have much too high an opinion of you not to be certain that you will perfectly understand the motives that have dictated my words; and I hope that you will see, on the contrary, a mark of deep respect on my part for your turn of mind and your personal character. I have written to you as to a man who knows the value of truth and the value of a soul. I should certainly not have done so to most members of your schism. Although taught by conscience and authority to look upon the Church of England as one of the most awful forms of sin and pride that have ever appeared in the world, I have loved and esteemed several of her children. I feel a compassionate sympathy for those of her ministers who know the weight of her present degradation. But, at the same time, I feel a most legitimate terror for the fate of their souls, when I see them, after having removed the rubbish which their forefathers had piled up to the very clerestory of their church, close their eyes against the light which, from the past and present, is now pouring down upon them. They are thus losing that *invincible* ignorance,

which is the only reason which the Church admits for not belonging to her! This feeling has inspired me with the thought of thus writing to you. This feeling must plead my excuse, if I have wounded *your* feelings. Indeed, I wish I may have done so. Truth is a weapon intended to wound and destroy every thing that is not truth. *Non veni pacem mittere sed gladium.* Convinced as I am that you do not belong, as you say I do, to a distinguished branch of the Church, but that you are in error, and that wilful error is mortal sin, I have spoken for the love of your immortal soul. If I have done so roughly, it is the roughness of love. Is there not more charity in pulling roughly back a man who is on his way to perdition, than in bowing him civilly on to the brink of the precipice?

"This letter requires no answer. We are not called upon to carry on a controversy with each other. The ground on which we stand is unequal, and the odds between us would be uneven. To convert you, as well as all heretics, is and must be my desire, but not my province. To convert me can neither be your province nor your desire. You cannot look upon me as being in a state of rebellion, as I do you. What would become of me, if I was to be convinced of the truth and right of the Church of England? I must then immediately doubt the truth and right of the Church of France, which acts and teaches the very reverse; for what is true and right on the north of the Channel cannot surely be otherwise on the south. And yet, according to the principles laid down by Mr. Faber and the *British Critic*, supposing myself convinced of the error and misconduct of my own Church, I must wait till she recognises it herself, before I have a right to act up to what I think true, and to save my own soul. Alas! what a lamentable nondescript sort of thing I should be!

"Our position is, therefore, quite different. The faith I profess, the authority I obey, the holy sacrifice of mass at which I assist, the very prayers I daily say, are fitted for you, for me, for the Portuguese ox-driver who is passing under our windows, as well as for the savage who is at this moment being baptized in Oceania. Your faith, your spiritual superiors, your liturgy, can be of no use but to those who are English born and English bred. This shall be my last argument, for it would alone suffice to show which of us is the Catholic. You cannot, in conformity with your own doctrine, wish me to be what you are. I can, and indeed I must, wish you to be what I am. To you I can say, like Paul to Agrippa, 'Opto apud Deum et in modico et in magno... hodie fieri talem qualis et ego sum, *exceptis vinculis his*;' or rather as Bossuet beautifully modifies this text in speaking, I believe, to one of your own communion, *præsertim vinculis his*, the bonds of faith, of obedience, of unity with the past, the present, and the future.

In conclusion, let me beg your acceptance of the inclosed papers,* that will show you how the torrent of grace is flowing among *Romanists*, and what are the fruits of *Mariolatry*. It is a good thing to write books, like Mr. Newman, about the miracles of the fourth century; but it is a better still to acknowledge and experience miracles in the nineteenth. Never, assuredly, were miracles more wanted than in these ages of light, and never, I may say, were they more abundant; for can there be a greater miracle in the world than the sudden and mysterious conversions of sinners in an age like this?

"May that Blessed Lady, who has been so long the object of the jeers and blasphemies of Anglican divines and Anglican travellers, and who seems now at last to inspire your countrymen with some degree of veneration—may she use her *omnipotentia supplex* to enlighten, to bless, and to console you! Such will be for ever the prayer of your obedient servant and sincere well-wisher,

"LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT."

* Annals of the Archiconfraternity of the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary.

THE WIVES OF THE DEAD.

From "The Token" for 1832—an American Annual published at Boston.

THE following story, the simple and domestic incidents of which may be deemed scarcely worth relating, after such a lapse of time, awakened some degree of interest, a hundred years ago, in a principal seaport of the Bay of Province. The twilight of an autumn day; a parlour on the second floor of a small house, plainly furnished, as be seemed the middling circumstances of its inhabitants, yet decorated with little curiosities from beyond the sea, and a few delicate specimens of Indian manufacture—these are the only particulars to be premised in regard to scene and season. Two young and comely women sat together by the fireside, nursing their mutual and peculiar sorrows. They were the recent brides of two brothers, a sailor and a landsman, and two successive days had brought tidings of the death of each, by the chances of Canadian warfare and the tempestuous Atlantic. The universal sympathy excited by this bereavement, drew numerous condoling guests to the habitation of the widowed sisters. Several, among whom was a clergyman, had remained till the verge of evening; when one by one, whispering many comforts from religion, that were answered by more abundant tears, they took their leave and departed to their own happier homes. The mourners, though not insensible to the kindness of their friends, had yearned to be left alone. United, as they had been, by the relationship of the living, and now more closely so by that of the dead, each felt as if whatever consolation her grief admitted, were to be found in the bosom of the other. They joined their hearts, and wept together silently. But after an hour of such indulgence, one of the sisters, all of whose emotions were influenced by her mild, quiet, yet not feeble character, began to recollect the precepts of resignation and endurance, which piety had taught her, when she did not think to need them. Her misfortune, besides, as earliest known, should earliest cease to interfere with her regular course of duties; accordingly, having placed the table before the fire, and arranged a frugal meal, she took the hand of her companion:

"Come, dearest sister; you have eaten not a morsel to-day," she said; "arise, I pray you, and let us ask a blessing on that which is provided for us."

Her sister-in-law was of a lively and irritable temperament, and the first pangs of her sorrow had been expressed by shrieks and passionate lamentation. She now shrunk from Mary's words, like a wounded sufferer from a hand that revives the throb.

"There is no blessing left for me, neither will I ask it," cried Margaret, with a fresh burst of tears. "Would it were His will that I might never taste food more."

Yet she trembled at these rebellious expressions, almost as soon as they were uttered, and, by degrees, Mary succeeded in bringing her sister's mind nearer to the situation of her own. Time went on, and their usual hour of repose arrived. The brothers and their brides, entering the married state with no more than the slender means which then sanctioned such a step, had confederated themselves into one household, with equal rights to the parlour, and claiming exclusive privileges in two sleeping-rooms contiguous to it. Thither the widowed ones retired, after heaping ashes upon the dying embers of

their fire, and placing a lighted lamp upon the hearth. The doors of both chambers were left open, so that a part of the interior of each, and the beds with their unclosed curtains, were reciprocally visible. Sleep did not steal upon the sisters at one and the same time. Mary experienced the effect often consequent upon grief quietly borne, and soon sunk into temporary forgetfulness, while Margaret became more disturbed and feverish, in proportion as the night advanced with its deepest and stillest hours. She lay listening to the drops of rain, that came down in monotonous succession, unswayed by a breath of wind; and a nervous impulse continually caused her to lift her head from the pillow, and gaze into Mary's chamber and the intermediate apartment. The cold light of the lamp threw the shadows of the furniture up against the wall, stamping them immovably there, except when they were shaken by a sudden flicker of the flame. Two vacant arm-chairs were in their old positions on opposite sides of the hearth, where the brothers had been wont to sit in young and laughing dignity, as heads of families; two humbler seats were near them, the true thrones of that little empire, where Mary and herself had exercised, in love, a power that love had won. The cheerful radiance of the fire had shone upon the happy circle, and the dead glimmer of the lamp might have befitted their reunion now. While Margaret groaned in bitterness, she heard a knock at the street-door. "How would my heart have leapt at that sound but yesterday!" thought she, remembering the anxiety with which she had long awaited tidings from her husband. "I care not for it now; let them begone, for I will not arise."

But even while a sort of childish fretfulness made her thus resolve, she was breathing hurriedly, and straining her ears to catch a repetition of the summons. It is difficult to be convinced of the death of one whom we have deemed another self. The knocking was now renewed in slow and regular strokes, apparently given with the soft end of a doubled fist, and was accompanied by words, faintly heard through several thicknesses of wall. Margaret looked to her sister's chamber, and beheld her still lying in the depths of sleep. She arose, placed her foot upon the floor, and slightly arrayed herself, trembling between fear and eagerness as she did so.

"Heaven help me!" sighed she. "I have nothing left to fear, and methinks I am ten times more a coward than ever."

Seizing the lamp from the hearth, she hastened to the window that overlooked the street-door. It was a lattice, turning upon hinges; and having thrown it back, she stretched her head a little way into the moist atmosphere. A lantern was reddening the front of the house, and melting its light in the neighbouring puddles, while a deluge of darkness overwhelmed every other object. As the window grated on its hinges, a man in a broad brimmed hat and blanket coat, stepped from under the shelter of the projected story, and looked upward to discover whom his application had aroused. Margaret knew him as a friendly innkeeper of the town.

"What would you have, Goodman Parker?" cried the widow.

"Lack-a-day, is it you, mistress Margaret?" replied the innkeeper. "I was afraid it might be your sister Mary; for I hate to see a young woman in trouble, when I haven't a word of comfort to whisper her."

"For heaven's sake, what news do you bring?" screamed Margaret.

"Why, there has been an express through the town within this half-hour," said Goodman Parker, "travelling from the eastern jurisdiction with letters from the governor and council. He tarried at my house to refresh himself with a drop and a morsel, and I asked him what tidings on the frontiers. He tells me we had the better in the skirmish you wot of, and that thirteen men reported slain, are well and sound, and your husband among them. Besides, he is appointed of the escort to bring the captivated Frenchers and Indians home to the province gaol. I judge you don't mind being broke of your rest, and so I stepped over to tell you. Good night."

So saying, the honest man departed; and his lantern gleamed along the street, bringing to view indistinct shapes of things, and the fragments of a world, like order glimmering through chaos, or memory roaming over the past. But Margaret stayed not to watch these picturesque effects. Joy flashed into her heart, and lighted it up at once, and breathless, and with winged steps, she flew to the bedside of her sister. She paused, however, at the door of the chamber while a thought of pain broke in upon her.

"Poor Mary!" said she to herself. "Shall I waken her, to feel her sorrow sharpened by my happiness? No; I will keep it within my own bosom till the morrow."

She approached the bed to discover if Mary's sleep were peaceful. Her face was turned partly inward to the pillow, and had been hidden there to weep; but a look of motionless contentment was now visible upon it, as if her heart, like a deep lake, had grown calm because its dead had sunk down so far within. Happy is it, and strange, that the lighter sorrows are those from which dreams are chiefly fabricated. Margaret shrunk from disturbing her sister-in-law, and felt as if her own better fortune had rendered her involuntarily unfaithful, and as if altered and diminished affection must be the consequence of the disclosure she had to make. With a sudden step she turned away. But joy could not long be repressed, even by circumstances that would have excited heavy grief at another moment. Her mind was thronged with delightful thoughts, till sleep stole on and transformed them to visions, more delightful and more wild, like the breath of winter (but what a cold comparison!) working fantastic tracery upon a window.

When the night was far advanced, Mary awoke with a sudden start. A vivid dream had latterly involved her in its unreal life, of which, however, she could only remember that it had been broken in upon at the most interesting point. For a little time, slumber hung about her like a morning mist, hindering her from perceiving the distinct outline of her situation. She listened with imperfect consciousness to two or three volleys of a rapid and eager knocking; and first she deemed the noise a matter of course, like the breath she drew; next, it appeared a thing in which she had no concern; and, lastly, she became aware that it was a summons necessary to be obeyed. At the same moment the pang of recollection darted into her mind; the pall of sleep was thrown back from the face of grief; the dim light of the chamber, and the objects therein revealed, had retained all her suspended ideas, and restored them as soon as she unclosed her eyes. Again, there was a quick peal upon the street-door. Fearing that her sister would also be disturbed, Mary wrapped herself in a cloak and hood, took the lamp from

the hearth and hastened to the window. By some accident it had been left unhasped, and yielded easily to her hand.

"Who's there!" asked Mary, trembling as she looked forth.

The storm was over, and the moon was up; it shone upon broken clouds above, and below upon houses black with moisture, and upon little lakes of the fallen rains curling into silver beneath the quick enchantment of a breeze. A young man in a sailor's dress, wet as if he had come out of the depths of the sea, stood alone under the window. Mary recognised him as one whose livelihood was gained by short voyages along the coast; nor did she forget, that, previous to her marriage, he had been an unsuccessful wooer of her own.

"What do you seek here, Stephen?" said she.

"Cheer up, Mary, for I seek to comfort you," answered the rejected lover. You must know I got home not ten minutes ago, and the first thing my good mother told me was the news about your husband. So, without saying a word to the old woman, I clapt on my hat, and ran out of the house. I couldn't have slept a wink before speaking to you, Mary, for the sake of old times."

"Stephen, I thought better of you!" exclaimed the widow, with gushing tears, and preparing to close the lattice; for she was no whit inclined to imitate the first wife of Zadig.

"But stop, and hear my story out," cried the young sailor: "I tell you we spoke a brig yesterday afternoon, bound in from Old England. And who do you think I saw standing on deck, well and hearty, only a bit thinner than he was five months ago?"

Mary leaned from the window, but could not speak.

"Why, it was your husband himself," continued the generous seaman. "He and three others saved themselves on a spar, when the Blessing turned bottom upwards. The brig will beat into the bay by daylight, with this wind, and you'll see him here to-morrow. There's the comfort I bring you, Mary, and so good night."

He hurried away, while Mary watched him with a doubt of waking reality, that seemed stronger or weaker as he alternately entered the shade of the houses, or emerged into the broad streaks of moon-light. Gradually, however, a blessed flood of conviction swelled into her heart, in strength enough to overwhelm her, had its increase been more abrupt. Her first impulse was to rouse her sister-in-law, and communicate the new-born gladness. She opened the chamber-door, which had been closed in the course of the night, though not latched, advanced to the bedside, and was about to lay her hand upon the slumberer's shoulder. But then she remembered that Margaret would awake to thoughts of death and woe, rendered not the less bitter by their contrast with her own felicity. She suffered the rays of the lamp to fall upon the unconscious form of the bereaved one. Margaret lay in unquiet sleep, and the drapery was displaced around her; her young cheek was rosy-tinted, and her lips half opened in a vivid smile; an expression of joy, debarred its passage by her sealed eyelids, struggled forth like incense from the whole countenance.

"My poor sister! you will waken too soon from that happy dream," thought Mary.

Before retiring, she sat down the lamp and endeavoured to arrange the bed-clothes, so that the chill air might not do harm to the feverish slumberer. But her hand trembled against Margaret's neck, a tear also fell upon her cheek, and she suddenly awoke.

SONG AND CHORUS OF PENITENTS, AD-
DRESSED TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

(From Göthe's second part of Faust. Gurney's Transl. p. 308.)

BRIGHTEST Queen of Heaven and earth

Let me, lowly kneeling,

All that in thee springs to birth,

Worship, joy revealing.

Grant thy kindly smiles of grace,

Virgin, blest in story,

Now to him who, face to face,

Kneels in praise before thee.

Firm our courage, vast our power,

When our aid thou cravest;

Soft our hearts in that high hour

When thou smil'st and savest.

Virgin, clear and pure indeed,

In thy beauty vernal,

Aiding all in grief and need,

Mother, Queen eternal!

Round her entwine them,

Like white clouds wreathing,

Maidens once fallen,

Penance now breathing;

Round her they fly,

Seeking those glances

Whence Love rays lances.

Yes, to thee, the Perfect one,

These weak forms appealing,

Seek thy pure and beaming sun,

By their weakness overthrown,

Seemed they lost for ever;

Who, from his poor force alone,

Pleasure's chains can sever?

Oh, how quickly slide the feet

On sin's ice-bound waters!

Passion's charms are all too sweet

For earth's trembling daughters.

Chorus of repentant ones.

Virgin of beauty,

We kneel before thee—

Praise is our duty,

Thou Pearl of Story!

Thou Queen of Glory!

St. Mary Magdalen.

By that love which tears of anguish

Caused to fall as balsam rarest

On His feet, who, doomed to languish,

Died for man a victim fairest;

By the vessel richly glowing

With the orient's scents of gladness;

By the tresses wildly flowing,

Wrapp'd around those feet in sadness—

The Samaritan woman.

By that old and sacred fountain

Where his flocks even Abram led;

By that seat beneath the mountain,

Where the Saviour laid his head;

By that source in glory beaming

Which from thence hath far meander'd,

And in crystal pureness gleaming

Over earth's wide realms hath wander'd—

St. Mary of Egypt.

By that spot so highly favour'd,

Where the Lord his hour did wait;

By that arm, which when I waver'd,

Warned me not to pass the gate;

By my prayers all sin confessing,

In the desert forty years;

By my latest earthly blessing,

Traced upon the sand with tears.

The Three.

Thou who ever mercy showest,

Even to those who far were straying,

Thou who every feeling knowest,

Thou who aye art grace displaying,

Deign this soul of loving kindness,

Who within her heart still bare thee—

Who but erred from virtue's blindness—

Now to pardon we implore thee!

THE DANGER OF WET CLOTHES.

EVAPORATION always produces cold, because the heat which is required to convert water into steam must be withdrawn from the surrounding medium: hence, wet summers are often succeeded by cold winters, the greater evaporation produced from the excessive moisture having reduced the temperature of the earth. That evaporation produces cold, may be immediately proved by moistening the palm of the hand and exposing it to the wind, thus causing evaporation, when cold will be very sensibly felt, and the more so if we use a volatile fluid, such as sal volatile or spirit of wine, the greater rapidity with which they evaporate producing a greater degree of cold. It is for this reason that remaining in wet clothes is so dangerous; the evaporation that takes place during the time they are drying, carries away so large a portion of heat from the body, as almost certainly to induce cold, and all the thousand diseases which follow in its train. When a person is obliged to remain in wet clothes, the best method to adopt is to prevent evaporation by covering them with a mackintosh, or any other garment which will best keep the moisture in; and if this is effectually done, the person will feel little inconvenience from his damp clothes; the warmth of the body will soon communicate itself to the damp garments under the mackintosh, and, as the steam cannot escape through it, there is nothing to produce a greater degree of cold than if the garments had been dry.—*Scientific Phenomena of Domestic Life.*

LIGHTING THE METROPOLIS.

THE following curious statistics, prepared by one of the principal gas companies, will give some idea of the means at present employed for lighting London and its suburbs: There are eighteen public gas works, conducted by twelve companies; their capital amounts to upwards of £2,800,000, employed in pipes, tanks, &c. The revenue derivable therefrom is estimated at £450,000 per annum. There are about 180,000 tons of coal used annually; there are 1,460,000,000 cubic feet of gas made; 134,000 private lights, 30,400 public lights; 380 lamplighters, 176 gasometers, several of them double, and capable of storing 5,500,000 feet; and about 2,500 persons are employed in various ways.

MEDIÆVAL AGES.—HUME THE HISTORIAN.

EVEN the most moderate acquaintance with the literature of mediæval divinity is sufficient to correct the amazing misrepresentations which have been propagated respecting the religious morality of the middle ages; and with respect to Hume's wholesale falsities take the following passage:—

"However little versed in the Scriptures, they (the ecclesiastics) had been able to discover that, under the Jewish law, a tenth of all the produce of land was conferred on the priesthood; and forgetting that they themselves taught that the moral part only of that law was obligatory on Christians, they insisted that this donation conveyed a perpetual property, inherent by divine right in those who officiate at the altar. *During some centuries the whole scope of sermons and homilies was directed to this purpose; and one would have imagined from the general tenor of these discourses, that all the practical parts of Christianity were comprised in the exact and faithful payments of tithes to the clergy.*"

Such are the accusations preferred by the philosopher, who, denying the miracles of the gospel, confessed that he had never read through the New Testament. Of the knowledge possessed by the clergy, whom the sneering enemy of revelation represents as "little versed in scripture," we have already spoken. With respect to the accusation which charges *the entire body of Christian teachers* with the foul and deliberate perversion of the whole scope of their teachings for the purpose of ministering to their own sordid avarice, it is not merely an untruth, but an untruth destitute even of a pretence by which it could be even suggested. In no one of the sermons or homilies of Bede, Ælfrie, Gregory, Anselm, Bernard, Gerson, or Thomas à Kempis, (names among the most important of the ministers of the gospel during the middle ages), or in the treatise of Claud Lisle, destined for the instruction of the extempore preacher, is there a *single passage* by which the payment of ecclesiastical alms or tithes is recommended, enforced, or enjoined. Nor do we believe that, if the whole body of mediæval divinity, printed or manuscript, were ransacked, any evidence could be found by which the calumny could be, in the slightest degree, sustained. The historian would not have dared to broach the falsity, had he not been able to rely upon an ignorance amongst his readers, to which his own impudence could be the only parallel.—*Quarterly Review for March, 1844.*

"He (Alfred) usually divided his time into three portions: one was employed in sleep and the refection of his body by diet and exercise; another in the dispatch of business; a third in study and devotion."—Without containing anything that is absolutely false, the passage (quoted from Hume) contains nothing that is true. Alfred's mind and exertions, according to the impressions produced by Hume, were all but wholly engrossed by his temporal concerns; whereas the whole end and intent of Alfred's course of life, of which *one half* was given to God, was to combine the active duties of a sovereign with the strict devotion of a recluse; to keep his heart out of the world, in which he was compelled by God's appointment to converse—to bear the crown of his cross, so that the performance of his duties towards God might not be rendered a temptation for shrinking from those responsibilities which God had imposed.

"Alfred (says Hume) set apart a *seventh* portion of his own revenue for maintaining a number of workmen, whom he constantly employed in rebuilding the ruined cities, castles, palaces,

and monasteries." Who, in this narrative, could discover that Alfred set apart *one half* of his entire revenue for pious purposes, in order that, so far as his station admitted, he might fulfil the obligation of poverty?—*Ibid.*

TRANSMISSION OF TYPES, INSTINCTS, AND HABITUDES.

TAKE the mastiff, the Newfoundland dog, and the greyhound, and keep their families severally pure from any intercourse with each other, and, under similar circumstances and conditions, they will preserve their respective physical characteristics, unaltered and unimpaired, from generation to generation; just as if the races had, each of them, so to express it, a canine Adam and Eve of its own. But this is not the whole of the case. It is also found, that not only certain organic peculiarities, but certain habitudes, certain artificial instincts, may be acquired; and that, when once acquired, these, too, are transmissible from sire to son. A careless observer might easily be tempted to conclude, that these acquired properties were primitive and aboriginal, and distinctive of peculiar and separate races. But a due and unprejudiced attention to the above class of phenomena would soon satisfy him that his conclusion was erroneous. We must confine ourselves to a few instances of these curious divergencies from the right line of original stocks. The wild dog, then, most certainly, has no great instinctive propensity for the office of guardian and muster-master to a large flock of sheep. He is vastly more disposed to dine upon the mutton himself than to aid in preserving a supply of it for a race of carnivorous bipeds. And yet we have among us a breed of dogs whose aptitude for that employment is as unvarying and hereditary as if the keeping of sheep had been the final cause of their creation. A terrier, whose parents had been in the habit of fighting with pole-cats, will instantly show every mark of anger and pugnacity on perceiving the scent of that animal; and this, although the animal itself be wholly concealed from his sight. A young spaniel, brought up with the terrier, will endure the odour of the pole-cat without the slightest symptom of emotion, but will pursue the first woodcock it has ever seen with clamour and impatience. A well-bred young pointer, which has never set eyes on a partridge, will stand trembling with agitation, its eyes fixed, its muscles rigid, when introduced, for the first time, into the middle of a covey. Again, the natural paces of the horse are the walk, the trot, and the gallop. But the horses bred on the table land of the Cordilleras are carefully taught a peculiar and artificial pace, a sort of running amble; and the horses so trained become the sires of a race to which the amble is natural and requires no teaching. The fact is so well known, that such colts are always described by the particular name of *aguillitas*. Now, this class of phenomena seems to be at mortal strife with the philosophy which insists upon the necessity of multiplying species in order to account for the almost endless variety of breeds. It is abundantly sufficient to show, that many animals, perhaps all animals, are endowed with the capacity of acquiring and transmitting a sort of *second nature* and that this capacity forms just as much a law of their existence as the more general law, which separates the race of the lion from the race of the ox, and all animal races whatever from the race of man.—*Quarterly Review.*

POPULAR RECREATION.

CAN any thing be more lamentable to contemplate than a dull, grim, and vicious population, whose only amusement is sensuality? Yet, what can we expect, if we provide no means whatever of recreation; if we never share our own pleasures with our poorer brethren; and if the public buildings which invite them in their brief hours of leisure are chiefly gin palaces? As for our cathedrals and great churches, we mostly have them well locked up, for fear any one should steal in and say a prayer, or contemplate a noble work of art, without paying for it; and we shut people up by thousands in dense towns, with no outlets to the country but those which are guarded on both sides by dusty hedges. Now, an open space near the town is one of Nature's churches; and it is an imperative duty to provide such things. Nor, indeed, should we stop at giving breathing-places to crowded multitudes in great towns. To provide cheap locomotion, as a means of social improvement, should be ever in the minds of legislators and other influential persons. Blunders in legislating about railroads, and absurd expenditure in making them, are a far grater public detriment than they may seem at first sight. Again, without interfering too much, or attempting to force a "Book of Sports" upon the people, who, in that case, would be resolutely dull and lugubrious, the benevolent employer of labour might exert himself in many ways to encourage healthful and instructive amusements amongst his men. He might give prizes for athletic excellence or skill. He might aid in establishing zoological gardens, or music-meetings, or exhibitions of pictures, or mechanics' institutes. These are things in which some of the great employers of labour have already set him the example. Let him remember how much his work-people are deprived of by being almost confined to one spot; and let him be the more anxious to enlarge their minds, by inducing them to take interest in any thing which may prevent the "ignorant present," and its low cares, from absorbing all their attention. He has very likely some pursuit, or some art, in which he takes especial pleasure himself, and which gives to his leisure, perhaps, its greatest charm; he may be sure that there are many of his people who could be made to share in some degree that pleasure or pursuit with him. It is a large, a sure, and certainly a most pleasurable beneficence, to provide for the poor such opportunities of recreation, or means of amusement, as I have mentioned above. Neither can it be set down as at all a trifling matter. Depend upon it, that man has not made any great progress in humanity, who does not care for the leisure hours and amusements of his fellow men.—*The Claims of Labour.*

The maxim that says, that one must not begin any thing that one cannot finish, is good—that which forbids the giving over a work to begin another, without necessity, is still better.

A BATTLE WITH RATTLE-SNAKES.

RATTLE-SNAKES are proverbially abundant upon all these prairies; and as there is seldom to be found either stick or stone with which to kill them, one hears almost a constant popping of rifles or pistols, among the vanguard, to clear the rout of these disagreeable occupants, lest they should bite our animals. As we were toiling up through the sandy hillocks which border the southern banks of the Arkansas, the day being exceedingly warm, we came upon a perfect den of these reptiles. I will not say "thousands"—though this, perhaps, were nearer the truth—but hundreds, at least, were coiled or crawling in every direction. They were no sooner discovered than we were upon them with guns and pistols, determined to let none of them escape. In the midst of this amusing scramble among the snakes, a wild mustang colt, which had, somehow or other, become separated from its dam, came bolting among our relay of loose stock, to add to the confusion. One of our mules, evidently impressed with the impertinence of the intruder, sprang forward and attacked it, with the apparent intention of executing summary chastisement; while another mule, with more benignity of temper than its irascible compeer, engaged most lustily in defence of the unfortunate little mustang. As the contest was carried on among the waggons, the teamsters soon became very uproarious; so that the whole, with the snake fracas, made up a capital scene of confusion. When the mule skirmish would have ended, if no one had interfered, is a question which remained undetermined; for some of our company, in view of the consequences that might result from the contest, rather inhumanly took sides with the assailing mule; and, soon after they entered the lists, a rifle ball relieved the poor colt from its earthly embarrassments, and the company from farther domestic disturbance. Peace once more restored, we soon got under way, and that evening pitched our camp opposite the celebrated "Caches;" a place where some of the earliest adventurers had been compelled to conceal their merchandise.—*Journal of a Santa Fé Trader.*

PURIFYING INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

THERE is in the life of almost every man, a period when he reads and loves and quotes poetry. At first all that comes within his reach is food; but as he advances, his taste leads him to select with greater care, and admit but little as worthy his lasting admiration. It is to be regretted that poetry is not read more through life, especially by professional men. Poetry is a child of the skies. *Non teligit quod non ornavit.* The appropriate quotation is not the only thing that is beautiful. The mind through which poetry passes, like the clear channel in which the mountain brook runs, seems to be beautified by the waters that pass through it. The young, then, in admitting and cultivating a taste for poetry, are becoming their own benefactors; and they are putting the soul under the guidance of a teacher, whose voice will ever be as sweet as the silver trumpeter, and whose robes like those of the angel, and will reflect the purity and drop the odours of heaven.—*Rev. F. Todd.*

EXTENSIVE AND FATAL USE OF "GODFREY'S CORDIAL."

THE inquiries recently made under the Children's Employment Commission are very extensive, because the terms of that commission directed an investigation to be made into the actual condition of the children employed, not only in mines and collieries, but also in all branches of trade and manufacture whatever, in which children work together in numbers, not included under the Factories Regulation Act. It was found impossible to describe the condition of the children without giving some account of the domestic habits and mode of life of the parents; and, among the facts brought to light under this inquiry, one of the most remarkable is, the extent to which opium is proved to be used by the poorer classes, and more especially the extent to which it is given by mothers to their children. Among others, Dr. Mitchell, one of the sub-commissioners, reports that the medical witnesses examined by him state that the infants and children are seldom brought to them before they are benumbed and stupified with opiates; the usual preparation given being Godfrey's Cordial, a mixture of treacle and opium known by the name of "comfort," and an article in constant demand. A little girl will come to the chemist's, and ask for a dose of it to give to the baby next day, telling him that her mother is going out to wash. A respectable chemist stated that he made twenty gallons of "comfort" in the year, and that there were chemists who lived near the market-place, and more in the way of the country people," who made a good deal more. "It must not be supposed," adds the sub-commissioner, "that such medical treatment of children is peculiar to colliers, or only prevails in places far remote from the light of the metropolis; for, on making inquiry of a medical man, and of a chemist, at Croydon, in Surrey, the same thing was found to exist there, and in the country around." Speaking of the districts of Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester, another sub-commissioner, Mr. Grainger, states that the practice of administering opium to infants, which is very general in these districts, "is usually begun when the child is three or four weeks old." But Mr. Brown, the coroner of Nottingham, states, "that he knows Godfrey's Cordial is given on the day of birth, and that even it is prepared for that event." The extent to which the system is carried may be judged from the fact, expressly ascertained by this gentleman, that one druggist made up in one year 13 cwt. of treacle into Godfrey's Cordial. The result of this terrible practice is, that great numbers of infants perish, either suddenly, from an over-dose, or, as more commonly happens, slowly, painfully, and insidiously. Those who escape with life become pale and sickly children, often half idiotic, and always with a ruined constitution." "Compared with this," adds the sub-commissioner, "the Chinese practice of infanticide may be called merciful."—*Evidence of Dr. Southwood Smith, on the State of Large Towns.*

HOT SPRINGS IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE hot springs are not confined to one or two places, but are so numerous, that it is dangerous for a stranger to walk about without a guide: at least, if he does, he runs a great risk of scorching the soles of his feet. In attempting to wade through one of the rivers, I had my foot very severely scorched from a hot spring in the bottom of the river, which is itself not only cold, but of considerable size. The water rises in some of the springs to the height of fifteen and twenty feet in regular jets; others emit steam like a high-pressure engine. The natives say, that the waters rise higher during westerly winds, and fall with the easterly: but this I had not the means of ascertaining the truth of, nor can I understand why it should be the case. The country in the neighbourhood of Rotorua is exceedingly picturesque. Besides Rotorua itself, there are several other beautiful lakes, such as Rototiti, Kokatina, and Rototihu. This would be a splendid place for old retired East Indians: it affords such lovely sites for houses, gardens, vineyards, &c. &c. and what with rocks, woods, lakes, rivers, waterfalls, hot, cold, tepid, and vapour baths, together with artificial luxuries of billiards, news-rooms, &c. the bilious-livered old gentlemen might enjoy themselves here much more than they can ever expect to do either at South Australia or at the Cape. The temperature is equable in this place throughout the year; though, unlike South Australia, it certainly never rises to 98° in the shade, and 120° in the sun; and I am convinced the stagnant and nitrous waters of the Torrens, however strongly recommended by the disinterested company, will never impart the health and vigour which the Rotorua water would bestow. Many an old dyspeptic lady in England, and gouty rheumatic gentleman, would bless their stars, if they had an opportunity of drowning the blue devils in these springs. I am certain, that, in a medical point of view, there is not a spa or mineral water in England or Europe, whose virtues are half as efficacious as those of the Rotorua springs, affording as they do such a variety—chalybeate, sulphureous, saline, and alkaline, and each of these of every shade of temperature, from the cold to the steam or vapour bath.—*Simmond's Colonial Magazine.*

The Household of Sympathy.—Happy, thrice happy, the families in whose narrow circle no heart can grieve or rejoice alone—no glance, no smile can be unreturned—and where friends say to each other daily, with actions rather than words—"Thy joys, thy happiness, are mine too." Beautiful is the peaceful, the quiet home, which protectingly incloses the weary pilgrim of earth, which collects around the friendly blazing hearth—the old man, leaning on the staff, the strong middle-aged man, the loving wife, and happy children, who dance and sport around in their blessed earthly heaven, and who finish a day passed in innocence with grateful prayers upon their smiling lips.—*Hopes, by Frederika Bremer.*

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

STRATFORD is designated by Camden, *emporium non inele-gans*. But when Camden wrote, and when the Shakespeares lived, the glory of Stratford was departed. Few towns suffered more by the measures adopted at the Reformation. Before the changes then made, it had a large establishment of priests, the most cultivated and learned order of the community, of whom six, a warden and five fellows, were connected with the parish church, a most beautiful structure, worthy to be, as it is, the mausoleum of England's most favourite poet, performing in it the splendid services of the church; and four connected with another ecclesiastical edifice, smaller, but not less beautiful, the Guild Chapel, in the heart of the town. There was also the master of the grammar-school, who was generally, perhaps always, a clerk. The priests connected with the church lived together in the edifice called the College. The measures of the Reformation deprived Stratford of the benefit of the services of these priests, which had been secured by the liberality of former natives or inhabitants, and gave them instead only a vicar and his assistant, very poorly endowed. For the Guild, with all the beautiful and interesting circumstances connected with it, circumstances of charity, piety, and of the devout recollection of the dead, they got a poor lay corporation. The alms-houses and the grammar-school were allowed to remain. These changes took place just before the Shakespeares became seated at Stratford, and the whole work was accomplished some years before the birth of the poet. Some effect would probably have been produced on the genius of Shakspeare, had he been born while still the splendid pageantries of the ancient system were in their high and palmy state.—*Hunter's Illustrations of the Life of Shakspeare*.

THE DISCIPLINE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

THERE are no beds for us to-night, so I shall stretch myself on the floor, with my saddle-bags for a pillow. How relative are all our comforts, or ideas of comfort! If a man is really hungry he can eat unbuttered bread. If a man is really sleepy he can repose on a floor, and the hardness of the planks will never wake him. We begin life by finding nothing soft enough but our mother's bosom—we go on to the cradle—we rise to the crib—we aspire to the cot—and, at last, arrive at the dignity of a French bedstead with mattress and tambour! We think we never can sleep out of this last extreme of modern comfort—and scarcely even out of "*our own*." Yet nothing is easier. I commenced this journey, little more than a week ago, by sleeping on a sacking-bottom—and, after going through all the variations of tressels, canes, beds, cots, and hammock, at last came down to the floor and my saddle bags, where I slept just as soundly and refreshingly.—*Mayer's Mexico*.

THE POOL OF SILOAM.

A LITTLE above the fountain of En Rogel, which leads up the valley of Jehoshaphat, there is a mulberry tree of unusual size, with a raised terrace, a favourite halting-place for way-farers and shepherds, who repose under its ample shade, while their flocks are drinking from a channel filled with water, conducted from the Pool of Siloam, which is a few paces above. It was not with-

out emotion that we descended the steps of the fountain, worn and polished by ages, and seating ourselves under the cool moist arch a delicious shelter from the burning noon-day beams of a July sun, reposed our weary limbs, listening to the gentle current of the "waters of Siloam that go softly," and drinking, with the palm of our hands, from the refreshing and limpid stream. As the Arab women of the valley came down to fill their pitchers, we remembered that the daughters of Judah frequented it two thousand years ago; that kings and prophets have drank of its consecrated waters; and that perhaps Jesus and his disciples have often reposed on these very steps, in the course of his walks about the city. To describe the view before us—the path to the fountain is seen above the edge of the pool, on the right, and figures are descending the steps under its arch, down to the water, which flows out by a small orifice into the square pool, and thence by a channel into the valley below, as before stated. The remains of pillars at the side and in the basin seem to indicate that, at a former period, it must have been wholly or partially covered; and it has been supposed that this is also the "Bethesda" with five porches, where at certain hours an angel, according to the popular tradition, troubled the waters, which were then supposed to possess a healing power. This receives some countenance from the fact, that there is a singular ebb and flow in the stream, noticed by many travellers, and lately witnessed by Dr. Robinson, but beyond this there is nothing to support the conjecture. It has been ascertained, by the persevering research of Dr. Robinson, that the water is brought to this pool from that of the Virgin, higher up the valley, by means of a channel cut through the rocky hill of Ophel, a work of great, and unless both fountains were within the city, of useless labour. Its length, as measured by him, is 1750 feet.—*Bartlett's Walks about Jerusalem*.

SELF-EDUCATION IN CHILDREN.

"THE law of nature," in Coleridge's words, "has irrevocably decreed that the way to knowledge shall be long, difficult, winding, and oftentimes returning upon itself." Thus, to a vulgar apprehension, a child's mind will be apparently sailing away from its object, when in truth it is only following the devious current which securely leads to it. Of all the errors in education, that of over-much dependance upon teaching is most to be dreaded, because least to be rectified. On this account it is, that, even under the most judicious direction, regular series of lessons never do so much good as when a gap is left here and there for the mind's own operations. There is a self-development in what is involuntarily preferred and unconsciously chosen, which the regular habits of mechanical acquirement are indispensable to promote, but insufficient to attain; there is a wisdom gained to the mind in being left to know both what it can do for itself and what it needs from others, which a continuous form of instruction may assist but can never impart; and those parents and teachers can know but little of the real nature of education, or of the being they have to educate, who hesitate to confess that, after all they may have taught him, the nicest art consists in knowing where to leave him to teach himself.—*Quarterly Review*.

Truths that one likes the least to hear, are often those that most concern us to know.

THE HOT WIND OF THE DESERT.

THE "samiri," the hot wind of the desert, scorches and destroys every thing in its progress. Fortunately, the camels possess the wonderful faculty of being able to scent it two hours before its approach, so that there is time to put up the tents, under the shelter of which the travellers, lying flat on the ground, await its dreadful passage. In the memoirs of Maria Therese Asmar, a Babylonian Princess, the following account is given of this extraordinary scourge:—"Casting my eyes to windward, I beheld a vast column, which seemed to reach from earth to heaven, gradually approaching our encampment. Round and round the huge lurid mass whirled, as it slowly but steadily kept its onward progress, casting a deep shadow across the naked desert. Above my head all was serenity and peace; but, as the column approached, the gusts, which had just now produced the slightest rustling in the curtains of the Mahomedan lady's tent, became more sudden and violent: now chilling the blood, and now scorching, like the blast of a furnace. I felt the sensation of terror creeping over me: my strength seemed to abandon my limbs: I felt as though I were suffocated, and gasped for breath. All hopes of gaining my own tent were vain, for the samiri was now at hand. I closed the curtain in haste, and, stretching myself on the ground, covered my head and face with my "masha lah." My companion did the same, and we waited the passage of the scourge in silent dread. The sides of our tent were now shaken with fearful violence. I expected every moment to see it lifted high in the air, and ourselves exposed to the destructive fury of the blast, which makes a speedy tomb for all who oppose its onward progress. The heat was become like a hot bath, and we breathed with the greatest difficulty. The storm lasted seven or eight hours, at the end of which we rose from the ground, and after returning thanks to Almighty God, each after her own fashion, I went forth from the tent to see what had been the fate of my own friends. As I passed along the encampment I met crowds, looking like men risen from the dead, issuing from their tents, and exchanging congratulations upon their recent escape; and, turning leeward, I beheld the deadly dreaded column, holding on its desolating course towards the horizon. The tents being now struck, and the camels loaded, we proceeded on our way. In our progress we beheld with horror the dead bodies of several Arabs, who had been overtaken by the samiri, scorched to a cinder, on the dreary waste."

A VERY NEAT AFFAIR.

DURING the whole period of the war, the privateers were not only numerous but extremely audacious. On the southern side and western end of Jamaica they were very troublesome, often standing in towards Bluefield's Bay and South Negril, chasing and frequently capturing the droghers, and even the fishing canoes. One of these vessels in particular attracted attention by the boldness with which she approached the shore, intercepting the small vessels and alarming the ladies. The captains of the West-India ships which were at anchor at Savna-la-Mar, determined, if possible, to stop the career of this impudent picafoon by a ruse; for having no vessel that sailed sufficiently fleet to promise a chance of success

in a fair daylight chase, it was of no use making the attempt openly. For this purpose a number of volunteer seamen, under the command of a very gallant man, Captain Samuel Gardner, of Bristol, repaired on board of a sloop, concealing themselves under hatches, and sailed out in the evening. At daylight the next morning, as was anticipated, they descried the privateer in the offing plying her sweeps. It was calm at this time, and the little ambuscaded vessel lay motionless. "Ah!" thought the hitherto successful rover, no doubt, "I shall soon have you in my clutches!" But, for once, with all his cunning, he had reckoned "without his host." Before the sea-breeze set in the privateer had ranged up alongside of the apparently helpless little sloop, and the crew were allowed quietly to lash their vessel to her. When this was done the noble leader, who had personated the skipper of the drogher, with a broad-brimmed straw hat and comfortable pea-jacket, at once threw off the disguise, sounded the concerted signal, when up sprang the ready and eager tars, accompanying their alert movement with one of those astounding and withering huzzas that momentarily palsies the heart, and to work they went in the true John-Bull style. In five minutes the privateer was their own! This was carrying the point *tout à coup* with a vengeance; and no doubt the astonished picafoon, who had not been accustomed hitherto to such quick work, thought so too. As soon as the sea-breeze made the prize was brought into port in triumph, amid the acclamations of the assembled multitude that had come forth to greet the gallant fellows who had accomplished this neat and dashing little affair.—*Nautical Magazine.*

AN ECCLESIASTICAL DRAMA AMONG THE SAVAGES IN CHIQUITOS.

IN San Xavier I was present in the church during the representation of "Christ Betrayed." When the preacher arrived at a certain part of his discourse, a wild outcry was heard outside of the church, and, suddenly, twelve Indians, with fierce visages, and clothed in a wild fashion, to represent Jews, burst into the congregation. The first carried a ladder, the second a cock, the third a spear, the fourth a sword, the fifth a scourge, the sixth a gun, the seventh a crown of thorns, the eighth a cross, the ninth a shell of *chicha* (for vinegar), the tenth a hammer and nails, the eleventh some ropes, and the twelfth, who represented Judas, had a monstrously long nose, and carried a bag full of stones, instead of silver pieces, which he swung boastfully around his head. The music struck up a gay measure, and the twelve Jews danced round the scaffold on which stood the figure of Christ, amid the beating of drums, the blowing of horns, and growling like that of bears. The women and children who were present screamed; the men started in amazement, and the preacher, louder than all the rest, went on in his discourse. At last, Judas danced alone awhile, then approached the scaffold, and struck his bag of supposed money as hard as he could upon it. Immediately his accomplices threw their cords about the scaffold, took it upon their shoulders, and hurried away with it out of the church. At this crisis the church presented a scene of horror and amazement: the women screamed as if possessed, and tore out their hair; the men seemed desperate, and ready to rush upon the pretended Jews, had they not been held back by the church officers. I actually felt anxious for myself, while one of my companions, who sat beside me, crept under the seat, and another ran away as fast as he could. The preacher, meanwhile, like another St. Peter, hurled fiery denunciations against the traitorous Jews.—*The Jesuits and their Mission to Chiquito in South America.*

